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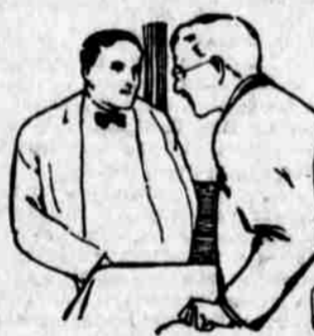
"How the devil did you get on to that?" cried Newmark, startled.
"Then you acknowledge it?"
"Why shouldn't I?" Newmark laugh-
ed. "Of course Heinemann blabbed."
Orde half sat on the arm of his chair.

"Now, I'll tell you what we will do in this matter," said he crisply.
"We'll follow," said Newmark, "the original program, as laid down by my-
self. I'm tired of dealing with blun-
dering fools. Heinemann's mortgage will
be foreclosed, and you will hand over
as per the agreement your Boom com-
pany stock."

Orde stared at him in amazement.
"I must say you have good nerve,"
he said. "You don't seem to realize
that you are pretty well tangled up. I
don't know what they call it—criminal
conspiracy or something of that sort. I
suppose. So far from handing over to
you the bulk of my property I can
see if you for the preliminary."

"Nonsense," rejoined Newmark, lean-
ing forward in his turn. "I know you
well, Jack Orde. You're a fool. Do
you seriously mean to say that you
came to try to prosecute me? Just as
soon as you do I'll put Heinemann in
the pen too. I've got it on him, cold.
He's a bribe giver—and somewhat a
criminal conspirator himself."

Newmark leaned back with an amu-
sed little chuckle. "If the man hadn't



"How the devil did you get on to that?"
came to you and given the whole show
away you'd have lost every cent you
owned. And for your benefit I'll tell
you what you can easily substantiate.
I forced him into this deal with me.
I took this bribe case on him. What
had the man to gain by telling you?
Nothing at all. What had he to lose?
Everything—his property, his social
position, his daughter's esteem."

He paused a moment to puff at his
cigar.
"I'm not much used to giving ad-
vice," he went on, "least of all when
it is at all likely to be taken. But I'll
offer you some. Throw Heinemann over.
Let him go to the pen. He's been
crooked and a fool."

"That's what you'd do?"
"Exactly that. You owe nothing to
Heinemann, but something to what you
would probably call repentance, but
what is in reality a naïveté senti-
mentality of weakness. However, I
know you, Jack Orde, from top to bot-
tom, and I know you're fool enough
not to do it. I'm so sure of it that I
dare put it to you straight. You could
never bring yourself to the point of de-
stroying a man who had sacrificed him-
self for you."



**Chapter
36**

YOU seem to have this game all
figured out," said Orde with
content.

"Well," said the other, "let's
settle this thing. The fact remains that
the firm owes a note to Heinemann which
it cannot pay. You owe a note to the
firm which you cannot pay. All this
may be slightly irregular, but for pri-
vate reasons you do not care to make
public the irregularity. Am I right or
far?"

"You might hear the other side," in-
terrupted Orde. "In the first place,"
said he, producing a bundle of papers,
"I have the note and the mortgages in
my possession."

"Where Heinemann will shortly re-
cue them as soon as I get to see
him," countered Newmark.
"If you force Heinemann he'll land
you," Orde pointed out.

"There is Canada for me. He trav-
els with heavier baggage."
"You'd lose everything."
"Not quite," said Newmark. "And,
as usual, you are forgetting the per-
sonal equation. Heinemann is—Hein-
mann. And I am I."

"Then I suppose this affidavit from
Heinemann as to the details of all this
is useless for the same reason?"
Newmark's thin lips parted.

"Correct," said he.
"But you're ready to compromise be-
low the face of the note?"
Newmark hesitated.

"Yes," said he, "because I know you

well enough to realize that there is a
point where your loyalty to Heinemann
would step aside in favor of your loy-
alty to your family."

"And you think you know where
that point is?"

"It's the basis of my compromise."

Orde laughed.
"The worst of it is I believe you're
right," said he at last. "You have the
thing sized up, and there isn't a flaw
in your reasoning. I always said that
you were the brains of this concern.
If it were not for one thing I'd com-
promise sure, and that one thing was
beyond your power to foresee."

He paused. Newmark's eyes half-
closed again in a quick darting effort
of his brain to run back over all the
elements of the game he was playing.
"What is it?" asked Newmark at
last.

"Heinemann died of smallpox at 4
o'clock this afternoon," said Orde.
Newmark's face went slowly gray.
For a full minute he sat absolutely
motionless.

"Where are you going?" asked Orde
quietly.

"I'm going to get myself a drink in
my bedroom," he snapped. "Any ob-
jections?"

"No. After you get your drink I
want to talk to you."

Newmark smiled at him: "You
needn't be afraid I'll run away. How'd
I get out of town?"

Orde looked thoughtfully at Hein-
emann's affidavit, which, daily disinter-
ested, had been handed him by Dr. McMillan
as important. Then he arose to his
feet and glided softly across the room
to take a position close to the door
through which Newmark had departed.
Finally the door swung briskly inward.
Like a panther Orde sprang forward.
He plucked Newmark's arm to his
side, where he held them immovable
with one of his own. The other hand
he ran down Newmark's right arm to
the pocket. There followed an instant
of resistance. With a sharp cry of
pain Newmark watched his hand cut
and caved amazingly at the half crush-
ed fingers. Orde drew forth the re-
volver Newmark had grasped in the
coat pocket. He spilled out the car-
tridges and tossed the empty weapon to
Newmark.

"There's your plaything," said he.
"So you wanted that affidavit, did
you?"

He paused.
"I don't need to tell you that I've got
you," said he finally. "Now what I
think of you. I can send you over the
road for the best part of your natural
days; also I've got these notes and
the mortgage."

"Quit it," growled Newmark. "Send
me up and be d—d."

"That's the question," went on Orde
slowly. "You hurt me pretty bad, Joe.
I thought of you as a friend. I had
a hard time getting over that part of
it. We've been together a good many
years now, and as near as I can make
out you've been straight as a string
with me for eight of them. Then I
suppose the chance came and before
you knew it you were in over your
neck."

"Oh, for God's sake, drop that
preaching. It makes me sick!" broke
out Newmark.

"I'm not preaching," said Orde, "and
even if I were I've paid a good many
thousands of dollars, it seems to me,
the right to say what I d—n please.
And if you think I'm working up to a
Christian forgiveness racket you're
mistaken. I'm not. I don't forgive
you."

"Well, turn me over to your sheriff
and let's get through with this," said
Newmark sullenly.

Orde rose.
"Look here, Newmark, that's just
what I've been coming to, just what
I've had such a hard time to get hold
of. I'm not going to hand you over
to a sheriff. I'm going to let you
off. No," he continued, in response to
Newmark's look of incredulous amaze-
ment, "it isn't from any fool notion of
forgiveness. I told you I didn't for-
give you. But I'm not going to bur-
den my future life with you. That's
just plain, ordinary selfishness. I sup-
pose I really ought to jug you, but if
I do I'll always carry with me the
thought that I've taken it on myself
to judge a man. And I don't believe
any man is competent to judge an-
other."

Newmark, who had listened to this
rambling exposition with curiosity,
broke into a laugh.

"You've convicted me," he said.
"I'm a most awful failure. I thought
I knew you, but this passes all be-
lief."

Orde brushed this speech aside as ir-
relevant.

"Our association, of course, comes to
an end. There remain the terms of
settlement. I could fire you out of this
without a cent, and you'd have to get
it. But that wouldn't be fair. I don't give
a hang for you, but it wouldn't be
fair to me. Now, as for the northern
peninsula timber, you have had sev-
enty-five thousand out of that and have
lent me the same amount. Call that
quits. I will take up your note when
it comes due and destroy the one given
to Heinemann. For all your holdings in
our common business I will give you
my note without interest and with-
out time for \$100,000. That is not its face
value nor anything like it, but you
have caused me directly and indirectly
considerable loss. I don't know how
soon I can pay this note, but it will be
paid."

"All right," agreed Newmark.

"Does that satisfy you?"

"I suppose it's got to."

"Very well. I have the papers here
all made out. They need simply to be
signed and witnessed. Timbul is the
nearest notary. Come," said he.

In silence the two walked the block
and a half to the notary's house. Fi-
nally the papers were executed. In
the street Newmark paused significant-
ly, but Orde did not take the hint.

"Are you coming with me?" asked
Newmark.

"I am," replied Orde. "There is one
thing more."

In silence once more they returned to
the shadowy low library. Newmark
threw himself into the armchair. He
was once again the coldly calculating,
cynical observer. Orde turned to face
him.

"You have five days to leave town,"
he said crisply. "Don't ever show up
here again. Let me have your address
for the payment of this note."

He took two steps forward.
"You're a dirty, low lived skunk. If
you think you're going to get off scot
free you're mighty mistaken."

Newmark half arose.

"What do you mean?" he asked in
some alarm.

"I mean that I'm going to give you
about the worst licking you ever heard
of," replied Orde, buttoning his
coat.

Five minutes later Orde emerged
from Newmark's house, softly rubbing
the palm of one
hand over the
knuckles of the
other.

He turned out
of the side street.
His own house-
lay before him.
He stopped, then
stole forward
softly until he
stood looking in
through the door-
way.

Carroll set lean-
ing against the
golden bars, her
shining head, her
soft shadows
bent until it almost hid the strings.
Her hands were straying idly over a
cushioned chair and rich cushions,
the plaintive half moan of reverie.

Orde crept to her unheeded. Gently
he clasped her. She snuggled against
his breast with a happy little sigh.
"Kind of fun being married, isn't it,
sweetheart?" he said.

"Kind of," she replied, and raised
her face to his.

SOCIAL NOTES

Mrs. Claude Watson's Tea.

Thursday, Mrs. Claude Watson
made a charming hostess at a prettily
appointed tea that was given at her
home on Alexander street. The tea
was from 4 to 6. Mrs. Watson, as-
sisted by Mrs. James Cockburn, re-
ceived the guests in the drawing
room. This dainty hostess was
charmingly clad in a hand-embroidered
lingerie gown. Mrs. Cockburn al-
so wore a French lingerie gown, and a
picture hat of flowers and lace com-
pleted her costume. The house was
fragrant with pink roses, while palms
were used effectively as a decoration.
A circular table was placed in the
center of the cozy dining room. Hand-
embroidered doilies ornamented the
polished surface of the table. A large
bowl of La France roses occupied the
center of this prettily equipped table.
At one end Mrs. Walter Hoffmann
served coffee. Mrs. Alan Bottomley
poured tea. Mrs. Hoffmann wore a
smart costume of blue linen with the
tunic bordered in a white convention-
al design, and a chic hat completed
her costume. Mrs. Alan Bottomley
wore an extremely pretty white dress
with a mauve hat. Miss Harriet
Young assisted in serving the guests.
Among those who partook of Mrs.
Watson's hospitality were Mrs. Sam-
uel Damon, Mrs. Catton, Mrs. Thomas
King, Mrs. Walter Hoffmann, Mrs.
Alan Bottomley, Mrs. C. M. V. Foster,
Mrs. R. A. Jordan, the Misses Jordan,
Mrs. Carl du Roi, Mrs. Charles Eck-
hart, Mrs. James Cockburn, Lady
Herron, Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Robert
Lange, Mrs. Coan, Mrs. Thomas Rob-
inson, Miss Cooke, Miss Blair, Miss
Lucas, Miss Harriet Young, Miss Jose-
phine Soper, Miss Hewlings, Miss
Blanche Soper, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Halstead, ac-
companied by their children, sailed on
the Sierra, May 18th, for San Fran-
cisco, their objective point being Vic-
toria, British Columbia. They had
planned to leave on the Canadian Aus-
tralian steamer, sailing on the 25th
of the month, but owing to the large
number of passengers who embarked
at Sidney there was no room. This
necessitates a trip overland. The Hal-
steads will remain during the sum-
mer and enjoy the cool summer in this
northern latitude.

Mrs. Ernest Waterhouse, with her
two children, are staying at the Pe-
ninsula for several weeks. Mrs. Wa-
terhouse will be the hostess at a small
house party on Sunday.

Mrs. W. T. Monsarrat was a passen-
ger on the Sierra, which sailed for
San Francisco May 18th, where she
will visit for a short time before leav-
ing for the East.

Mr. A. Gartley, former manager of
the Hawaiian Electric Company, re-
turned to Honolulu from a trip to
Kauai, on Sunday, May 15th.

J. A. McCandless is booked to de-
part on the Wilhelmina, sailing May
25th.

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